The Praise of

York-shire Ale

Wherein is enumerated several Sorts of Drink, with a Discription of the Humors of most sorts Of DRUNCKARDS.

TO

Which is added, a *York-shire* **DIALOGUE**, in its pure natural Dialect, as is now commonly spoken in the North parts of *YORK-SHIRE*.

The Third Edition.

With the Addition of some Observations, of the Dialect and Pronuntiation of Words in the *East Ryding* of *York-shire*. Together with a Collection of significant and usefull Proverbs.

By *G. M.* Gent.

YORK, Printed by *J. White*, for *Francis Hildyard* at the Signe of the Bible in *Stone-Gate*, 1697.

To the READER.

READer, here's ſportive mirth and harmleſs Droll,
Come buy and Read, and laugh thy Belly full.
When thou haſt done, if thou condemn me for't,
Then I have made my ſelf, and not thee ſport;
That man is too moroſe, and much to blame,
That doth condemn all mirth to be profane:

All Ages have of lawful mirth
allow'd;
If too much time in it were
not bestow'd.
Here thou hast mirth, with
small expence of time,
I've taken paines, the pleasure
will be thine.

Vale, G. M.

The

The praiſe of York-ſhire Ale, *wherein is Enumerated ſeveral Sorts of Drinks, with a Diſcription of the Humours of moſt ſorts of* DRUNKARDS.

BACCHUS having call'd a Parliament of late,
For to conſult about ſome Things of State,
Nearly concerning the honour of his Court,
To'th Sun, behind'th Exchange they did reſort:
Where being met, and many things that time
Concerning the Adulterating Wine,
And other Liquors; Selling of Ale in Muggs,
Silver Tankerds, Black-Potts, and little Jugg:
Strong Beer in Rabits, and cheating penny Cans,
Three Pipes for two pence, and ſuch like Trepans:
Vintners ſmall Bottles, Siluer mouth'd black Jacks,
Papers of Sugar, with ſuch like cheating knacks:

Biskets, *Luke Olives, Anchoves, Caveare,*
Neats Tongues, West-Phalia-Hambs, & such lik Chear,
Crabs, Lobsters, Collar Beefe, Cold *Pullets, Oysters,*
(Roysters
And such like Stuffe, which makes Young-men turn
And many other things were then debated,
And Bills past upon the Cases stated;
And all things ready for Adjournment, then
Stood up one of the Northern Country men,
A Boon good Fellow, and a Lover of Strong Ale,
Whose Tongue well steep'd in Sack began this Tale:
My Bully Rocks, I've been experienced long
In most of Liquors that is counted Strong:
Of *Claret, White-wine* and *Canary Sack,*
Renish and *Malago,* I've had no lack:
Sider, Perry, Metheglin, and *Sherbet,*
Coffee, and *Mead,* with *Punch* and *Chocolet*:
Rum and *Tea, Azora* Wine, *Mederry,*
Vin-de-Barre, Brag, Wine with *Rosemary*:

Stepony

Stepony, *Usquebath*, besides all these,
Aqua Celestis Cinnamon, *Hearts-ease*:
Brave *Rosa Solis*, and other Liquors fine,
Rasburry Wine, *Pur-royal*, and *Shampine*
Madnsey and *Viper-wine*, all these I pass:
Frontineack; with excellent *Ipocras*:
Lac'd Coffee, *Twist*, *Old Pharoh*, and *Old Hoe*,
Juniper, *Brandy* and *Wine de Langue-Dock*.
Mum, *Cherry-wine*, *Langon*, and *Lemonad*,
Sherry, and *Port a Port*, both White and Red,
Pomgranate, *Mirtle*, and *Isop-wine* I know,
Ipres and *Orleance*, *Coos*, and eke *Anjou*,
Burgundian-wine, *Cœcubum*, *Sage* and *Muss*,
Fennel and *Worm-wood-wine* have past my Gust,
Hydromel, *Mulsom*, Wine boil'd with *Southern-wood*,
Opimium, *Smirna*, and *Bacon* good:
Temetum, *Lora*, and brave *Muskadel*,
Rumney and *Nectar* too that doth excell:

Sicilian, Naples and Lorain Wine,
Moravia, Malta and *Corsica* fine:
Tent, Muskatine, Brandy, and *Alicant,*
Of all these Liquors I've had no scant,
And several others, but none do I find,
Like Humming *Northren ALE* to pleas my mind,
It's pleasant to the Taste, strong and mellow,
He that affects it not, is no boon Fellow.
He that in this Drink doth let his Senses swim,
There's neither wind nor storms will pierce on him
It warms in Winter, in Summer opes the Pores,
'Twil make a Sovereign Salve 'gainst cuts and Sores:
It ripens Wit, exhillerates the Mind,
Makes Friends of Foes, and Foes of Friends full kind:
It's Phisical for Old Men, warms their Blood,
Its Spirits makes the Coward's courage good:
The Tattered Beggar being warm'd with Ale,
Nor Rain, Hail, Frost, nor Snow, can him Assail:

He's a good man with him can then compare;
It makes a Prentice great as the Lord Mayor:
The Labouring Man, that toiles all day full sore,
A pot of Ale at Night, doth him Restore,
And makes him all his Toil and pains forget
And for another day-work, he's then fit:
There's more in drinking Ale, sure then we wot,
For most Ingenious Artists, love a Pot:
Nay Amorous Ladyes it wilt pleasure too,
Make frozen Maids, and Nuns, and Virgins do.
The thing you know: Souldiers and Gown-men
Rich and poor, old and young, lame & sound men,
May such advantage reap by drinking Ale,
As should I tell, you'd think it but a Tale;
Mistake me not, Custom, I mean not tho,
Of excessive Drinking, as great Ranters do,
For that would turn a great Wit to a Sot,
I meane the merry Quibling o're a Pot,

Which

Which makes dull Melancholy spirits be,
For Criticks and great Witts, good Company.
Oh the rare Virtues of this Barly Broth;
To Rich and Poor it's Meat and Drink and Cloth.
The Court here stopt him, and the Prince did say,
Where may we find this *Nectar*, I thee pray,
The boon good Fellow answer'd I can tell,
North-Allerton in *York-shire* doth excell
All *England*, nay all *Europe* for strong Ale
If thither we Adjourne, we shall not fail
To taste such humming Stuff, as I dare say,
Your Highness never tasted to this day.
They hearing this, the House Agreed upon
All for Adjournment to *North-Allerton*:
Madam *Bradley's*, was the chief Hous then nam'd
There they must tast this noble Ale so fam'd,
And nois'd abroad in each place far and near.
Nay, take it *Bradley* for Strong Ale and Beer,

Thou hast it loose, there's none can do so well
In brewing Ale thou dost all else excell
Adjournment day being come there did appear
A brave full house, *Bachus* himself was there.
This *Nectar* was brought in, each had his Cup,
But at the first they did but sipple up
This rare *Ambrosia*, but finding that
'Twas grateful to the Taste, and made them chat,
And laugh and talk, O then when all was out,
They call'd for more, and drank full Cans about;
But in short space, such strange Effects it wrought
Amongst the Courtiers, as *Bachus* never thought
Or dream'd upon: His wise Men it made Fools,
And made his Councellors to look like Owles.
The simple sort of Fellows it made prate,
And talke of Court Affairs, and things of State:
And those that were dull Fellows when they came
Were now turn'd nimble Orators of Fame.

And

And such of them was thought to be no Wits
Were Metamorphis'd into excellent Poets:
Those that were lame, and came there with a staff,
Threw't quite away which made the Prince to laugh
The Cripple which did Crutches thither bring,
Without them now did hop about and sing:
Some o're the Stools and Forms did skip and leap,
Som knack'd their fingers, no plain word could speak
Some shak'd their legs and armes with great delight,
Some curst and swore, and others they did fight;
Some antick tricks did play like a *Baboon*,
Som knit their brows did shake their Heads & frown
Some *Maudlin* drunken were, and wept full sore,
Others fell fast a sleep, begun to snore:
Thousand of Lies and Stories some did tell,
Their Tongues, went like the Clapper of a Bell,
Others were Tongue-ti'd, could not speak one word
And some did cast their reckoning up at Board.

Some

Some ſung a loud, and did deaf their fellows,
Making a Noiſe, worſe than *Vulcan's* Bellows:
Some were for baudy Talk, and ſome did ſhout;
Some miſt the Cup and pour'd the Liquor out;
At every word, ſome did their Neighbours jump,
And ſome did often give the Board a thump.
Some were all Kindneſs did their Fellows kiſs,
Som all bedaub'd their Cloths, and Mouths did miſs.
For Arguments ſome were, and Learn'd diſcourſes,
Some talk'd of Gray-hounds, ſome of runing Horſes
Some talk'd of hounds, and ſome of Cocks o'th game
Som nought but Hawks and ſetting-dogs did name.
Some talk'd of Battels, Seiges and great Warrs,
And what great Wounds & Cutts they had & Scarrs,
Some very Zealous were, full of Devotion,
But being Sober then had no ſuch Notion,
Some there were all for drinking healths about,
Others did rub th[illegible]able with their Snout:

Some

Some pis'd i'th Fire, others threw out their snuffs,
And some were mad to be at handy Cuffs.
Some swore that they would have a *Serenade*,
Others did call their Hostess Whore and Jade:
And round about did throw the Cups and Glasses.
The drink did fly into their Neighbours Faces:
Some were for Bargains, some for Wagers laying,
Others for Cards and Tables cry'd for Playing:
Some broke the Pipes, and round about them threw,
Some smoak'd Tobacco till their Nose was blew.
Some in the Fire fell and sing'd their Cloaths,
And some fell from their Seat and broke their Nose
Some could not stir a Foot, did sit and glore,
Some sought the house all over for a Whore,
Some call'd for Musick, others were for a Dance,
And some lay staring, as if in a Trance.
Some call'd for Victuals, others for a Crust,
Some op'd their Buttons and were like to Burst.

Some

Some challeng'd all the people that were there,
And some with strange invented Oaths did Sweat
Some told how many Women they had us'd,
Others at such discourse were sore Amus'd:
Some shirk'd their Drink, did put away the Cup,
And some took all that came left not one Sup:
Some whilest they Sober were would nothing pay,
But being Drunk, would all the Shot defray;
Others whilest Sober, were as free as any,
But when once Drunk, refuse to pay one penny:
Some were for News, and how the State of things
Did stand amongst great Potentates and Kings:
Some all their Friends and Neighbours did backbite;
And some in Jearing others, took delight;
Some of their Birth and Riches made great boast,
And none but they were fit to Rule the Roast:
Some fill'd the Room with noise yet could not speak
One word of *English*, *Latin*, *French*, or *Greek*:

Or any other Language which one might
Put into sense, and understand a right:
Some Laught until their Eyes did run on water,
And neither they nor others knew the matter:
Some so mischievous were they without Feat,
Would give their chiefest Friend a Box on'th Ear:
Some were so Holy, that they would not hear,
Words either that Prophane, or smutty were:
Some in a Melancholly posture laid,
Others did cry what is the Reckoning paid:
Some burnt their Hatts, others the Windows broke
Some cry'd more Liquor, we are like to Choake,
Some pis'd their Breeches, Sir reverance your Nose,
Some not only pis'd but all bee—their Hose:
Lame Gouty Men, did dance about so spritely,
A Boy of Fifteen, scarse could skip so lightly:
Old crampy Capts, that scarce a Sword could draw,
Swore now they'd keep the King of *France* in Awe.

And

And new Commissions get to Raise more Men,
For now they swear they were grown young again:
Off went their Perriwigs. Coats and Rapers,
Out went the Candles, Noses for Tapers
Serv'd to give light, whilest they did dance a round,
Drinking full Healths with Caps upon the ground:
And still as they did dance their round-delayes,
They all did cry this Drink deserves the Bayes,
Above all Liquors we have ever tasted:
It's pitty that a drop of it were wasted:
A Stranger coming by, did hear the Noise,
He step'd into the House to see the Boyes:
Such sights he saw, as he nee'r see before,
Which made him Laugh untill his sides were sore,
His Horse did follow and saw the Quaffing,
He Neigh'd aloud, & broke his Girts with laughing
These Antick Sights made *Bacchus* to admire,
And then he did begin for to Enquire:

What Priviledges were bestow'd upon
This famous Ale Town of *North-Allerton*,
The Answer was that it was known,
To have four Fairs i'th year, a Bourrough-Town,
One Market every week and that was all,
This moved *Bacchus* presently to call
For a great Jug which held about five Quarts,
And filling't to the Brim; come here my Hearts
Said he, wee'l drink about this merry Health,
To the Honour of the Town, their State & Wealth
For by the Essence of this Drink I swear,
This Town is Famous for strong Ale and Beer;
And for the sake of this good Nappy Ale,
Of my great favour it shall never fail,
For to promote the quick Return and Trade,
For all strong Ale and Beer, that here is made:
So to't they went, and drunk full Healths about,
Till they drunk Money, Wit, and Senses out:

For whilſt one drop of Ale was to be had,
They Quaſt, and drunk it round about like mad,
When all was off, then out they pull'd the Tapps,
And ſtuck the Spiddocks finely in their Hats,
And ſo Triumphantly away they went,
But they did all Agree with one Conſent
To *Eaſingwold* they then away would paſs,
With *Nanny Driffield* there to drink a Glaſs:
For *Bacchus* having heard of her ſtrong Ale,
He ſwore by *Jupiter*, he would not fail
To have a merry bout if he did find
Her Nappy Ale to pleaſe his Princely Mind:
When they came there a Flaggon was brought in,
Hold Gentlemen, before we do begin,
Crys one Boon Blade, let me declare to you,
Some things which I of this ſame Ale doe know,
So bowing to the Prince, he thus began,
May't pleaſe your Highneſs, and you Gentlemen:

I've Travell'd thorow the most parts of *France*,
As *Picardy*, *Brest*, *Bretaigne*, and *Provence*:
Normandy, *Bevois*, *Poictu* and *Champaigne*,
With *Aquitain*, *Burgundy*, and *Lorrain*:
Geneva, *Savoy*, *Longuedock*, also
Within the Kingdom of *Spaine Oniedo*:
Lean, *Navarr*, *Corduba*, and so on
Through *Biscay*, *Toledo*, and *Catelone*:
Castile, *Valentia*, *Venice*, *Florence*,
Mantua, *Millain*, *Urbin*, St. *Lawrence*:
Portugall, *Naples*, *Italy*, *Holland*,
Germany, *Denmarke*, *Sweedland*, *Poland*.
Hungary, *Muscovia*, *Cephalonia*,
Turky, *Transilvania*, and *Sclavonia*:
Media, *Persia*, and *Mesopotamia*,
Palestine, *Armenia*, and *Arabia*;
Parthia, *Syria*, *Caldea*, and *Tartary*,
East and *West Indies*, *China*, and *Barbary*:
Numidia,

Numidia, *Lybia*, and *Mexicana*;
Ethiopia, *Egypt*, and *Messena*;
Peru, the *Grecian Isles*, *Sicillia*,
Canary Isles, *Corsica*, and *Sardinia*.
These Country Wines, and other Liquors rare;
With *Englands* huming Ale can not compare:
For in my thoughts it doth most Drinks excell,
And this same Napyy Ale doth bear the Bell:
Above most Ale; for herein is such Art,
Come when you will it's neither Sweet nor Tart;
In Summer, Winter Weather, Raine or Fair,
Thunder, Sunshine, Misty or serene Air:
In Frost or Snow, Morning, Noon, or Night,
Or when you please this Ale is alwayes Right:
Neither thicker, nor thinner, nor paler,
Nor higher Colour'd, Newer nor staler:
Stronger, nor smaller, it hath no Fellow,
Sweeter nor Sowerer, but alwayes Mellow:

And fit to drink what time soe'er you come,
This is the pure strong Brittish Ilands Rum;
Hold, cry'd the Prince, for thou now more hast said,
Of this same Ale, then's Truth, I am affraid:
Yee Gods, the Prince then Cry'd, if this be true,
I'le leave my Government of Wine to you;
And list my selfe, mongst Ale Boys that are famous,
For now, *Paulo Majora Canamus:*
So let us now fall on, fill up my Can,
Let each one take his Cup, observe his man,
And let us drink, untill we all be Tipsie
Ego tuquoque, ille & ipse,
Vive Le Roy, great *Bacchus* then begins,
God bless him cry'd the Courtiers and his Friends;
This Health and several others went about,
Then growing warm, they all set up a shout;
Most famous Ale, if we thy worth had known,
Then we had hasted sooner to the Town,

O

Oh Ladds said *Bacchus* I never thought t'have found
Such pleasant Nectar, here on English ground
I wonder any will himselfe Confine
From bousing Ale to swill himself in Wine:
The Juice of Grapes shall be no more o'th Quorum
But Nappy Ale, *Hordia Far a Forum.*
Wine's but an Ass, when Ale doth come in play,
If it be like the Ale we drink this day:
Call in my Land-Lady let her Appear,
Famous she is for brewing Ale, I swear;
And I a badge of Honour will bestow
Upon her without fail, before I go;
And so a Clerke was call'd to Exemplifie,
The Letters Pattents following, daintily:
Bacchus Prince of good Fellowes; To all to [illegible]
These our brave Letters Pattents shall now co[illegible]
Whereas wee've bin Informed now of late,
That *Nanny Driffield* our great Court and State

For many years last past hath much advanc'd,
By her strong humming Ale and as it chanc'd
We having ample Proofe thereof, so now
We for our Princly grace would have you know,
This Land-Lady unto the Noble State
And Honour of a Countess, we Create:
And by our merry Fudling Subjects She
Countess of *Stingo* hencefoorth call'd shall be,
To'th Patten then was fixed a Black Pot,
In a fine Silk Lace, twisted on a knot:
Upon the Countess it was then bestow'd,
The Noble Courtiers all stood up and Bow'd:
Long may your Honour Live to Brew such Ale,
And of your Art we wish you never fail:
Bachus then took a great full Flagon up,
And drunk the Countess health left not a Sup,
To an old Blade, the Prince said thou shalt follow,
Then, *Tu eris mihi magnus Apollo.*

Each

Each of the Courtiers did then pledge the same,
And now in earnest did begin the game:
The new made Countess to gratifie them all,
For a Hogshead of her choicest Ale, did call:
Upon the Hogshead *Bachus* got a stride,
Now Lads he said this Ale is Deified.
A Countess, a Countess, they then proclaim'd,
You all the Country o're will now be Fam'd:
Drink Prince she said, and all the Noble Crew,
Drink till such time, you wad your Noses blue.
Here's Ale said they, so pure, so clear, so fine,
It is more grateful to the Taste than Wine:
Nay this same Ale will make the World admire us
Efficit Ingenios nobilis Ala Viros:
This famous Liquor, we know doth far out goe
The Poets *Nectar* and *Ambrosia* too:
The Gods *Nepenthe* with it cannot compare,
This is the Soverain Antidote 'gainst Care.

Some

Some Townsmen hearing this, Listened a while,
Then into'th House they went, begun to smile;
You'r welcome Gentlemen, sit down said 'th Prince
And do as we do: If it be no Offence
The townsmen said, wee'l joyn our selves with you
And try this day, to whom Honour is due
Whether to Wine or Ale; it shall be Try'd,
Agreed Agreed, they with one voice all Cry'd,
The Townsmen did perceive the Courtiers warm,
Six in a hand sayes one will do no harm:
You Grape Boyes now shall know before we part
Wines not the only Nourisher of Art:
When *Recubans sub Tegmine Fagi*
We drink strong Ale: It makes us of the *Magi*.
Well said, cry'd *Bacchus*, about then let it goe,
As long as any here can shake a Toe:
For as *Scribendo disces Scribere*,
Just so *Bibendo disces Bibere*:

O

O brave *Colonus* see it go about,
And let us now all Joyne set foot to foot,
And drink all off, I'll not contend for praise,
From henceforth this same Ale shall have the Bayes
Wine shall not once be nam'd, where this comes in,
He that names Wine that day commits a Sin,
Wee'l all be merry, I'le hear no Clamour,
Let's drink and sing, *Omnia vincit Amor.*
Health upon Health did post about with speed,
Till all the Courtiers were sore flusht indeed:
Qui Color albus erat, with a *Faldo*,
I plainly see *Nunc est contrarius Albo*,
One Townsman said: Let us our hold now keep:
And we shall quickly lay them all to sleep,
Bumpers and double Tankards did go round,
Bacchus from's hogshead Throne, fell to the ground,
Some forwards fell, backwards, and sideways some
Till on to'th Floor, they all did tumble down:

They

Let's throw them on an heap, a Townsman said,
And Sing a Catch about them, I have made,
Agreed they cry'd the Wine Boyes they shall know,
That they to good Ale topers now must bow:
Lets throw the God above, Hee'l spoile his Cloaths,
Marry sayes one, I think hee's broke his Nose,
He hath all bedaub'd his Suit of Tabby,
But *Sorte tua contentus Abi*,
Said they; The Catch begun then by the Blades,
The Tune is, Haile unto the Myrtle Sheades.

The

The Song.

1.

COlonus *and* Bacchus *did meet*
Each one to commend his own Liquor:
The Juice of the Grape was sweet
But Barly Oyl ran down the quicker:
Colonus *did challenge the Gods,*
To fight in defence of his Barley,
But Bacchus *perceiveing the odds,*
Desired a Friendly parley.

2

They drank full Bumpers about,
And Bacchus *an Health did begin,*
The Bacchanalians *gave a great shout,*
The Collonians *then thronged fast in:*

They

They drunk double Tankards around,
Till the Grape Boyes begun for to Glore
The Rusticks neer flinched there ground,
Till Bacchus *fell down on the Floor.*

3.

Colonus *did heartily Laugh,*
And about the God they did dance,
Full Pots *about they did quaff:*
Whilest Bacchus *lay still in a Trance.*
The Grape Boyes were beat out of play,
And at length poor Bacchus *did Rise:*
To Colonus *he yeilded the day,*
So the Rusticks obtained the Prize.

Juſt as the Catch did end, they rubb'd their Eyes,
They Yawn'd and gap'd, and did begin to riſe:
Oh Gentlemen, the Townſmen ſaid you now,
We hope the force and power of Ale doe know:
Faith *Bacchus* ſaid wee'r forc'd to yeild the day,
For you have beat us quite, Pinch out of Play:
O Wine I formerly did the adore,
But thou ſaid he ſhall have my heart no more:
Boy lead our Horſes out when we get up,
Wee'l have with you, a merry Stirrup Cupp:
Then we to Famous *Yorke* will haſt away,
For thither wee'l adjourn the Court this day:
The Horſes were lead out, they mounted all,
And each of them did for a Flagon call:
Well Sirs ſaid they, we yeild the day's your own,
Wee'l try again next time we come to Town,
Agreed the Townſmen ſaid, come when you will,
You'l find us true blue Fudling Bullies ſtill:

They

They drank about, the Townsmen pledg'd the same
So took their leaves till they should meet again,
At parting they did Kiss, and *Bacchus* swore,
He never met with such boon Blades before:
Well noble Boyes said He, before't be long
I hope our Lott will be to sing a Song;
Great *Bacchus* when you come the Townsmen said:
Come well prepar'd, for we are not afraid:
Farewell good Lads said he, and so away,
They took their Journey unto *York* that day:
When they to *York* were come, they rov'd about,
From House to House to find such Nectar out,
As they had tasted last, at length they heard
Of *Parkers* Coffee-house i'th Minster Yard:
They several sorts of strong Ale there would find.
Some of which Ale would surely please their mind,
Unto this place they went, and Crowded in,
Come Wench said they, with strong Ale wee'l begin,

Sirs

Sirs said the Girle, wee've Ale that's strong & old,
Both from *North-Allerton*, and *Easingwold*.
From *Sutton*, *Thirske*, likewise *Rascal* Town;
Wee've Ale also that's call'd *Knocker-down*:
Well bring a Tankerd of each in, you Maid,
Wee'l taste them every one the Courtiers said;
The Ale came in each man a Tankard had,
They tasted all; and swore they were full glad
Such Stingoe, Nappy, pure Ale they had found:
Lett's loose no time said they but drink a round:
And chear our Spirits up with this good Creature,
For *Miser est qui Nummos Admiratur*.
About and about it went full merrily,
Till some could neither go, stand, sit, nor see,
Sir sapit qui pauca loquitur; if true
The wisest in the Company is you,
said one, to's Opposite beyond the Table,
Who was so drunk, to speake he was not able.

They call'd & drank till they were all high flown,
And could not find their way into the Town,
They ſtaggar'd too and fro, had ſuch light heads,
That they were guided all unto their Beds:
And in the Morning when they did awake,
They curſt and ſwore that all their heads did ake
O *York-ſhire York-ſhire:* Thy Ale it is ſo ſtrong,
That it will kill us all if we ſtay long:
So they agreed a Journey for to make
Into the South, ſome Reſpit there to take,
But in ſhort ſpace again they ſaid they'd come,
And Taſt ſome more of this ſame *York-ſhire* Hum
Nay *Bacchus* ſwore to come he would not fail,
And glut himſelfe with *York-ſhire* Nappy Ale:
It is ſo pleaſant, mellow too, and fine,
That *Bacchus* ſwore hee'd never more drink Wi

The Concluſion.

Now I have done, and will hold a piece on't:
That, *Nil hic Niſi Carmina deſunt.*
Some men will ſay perhaps, here is no wit,
Let ſuch then know, *Ex Nihilo Nihil fit.*

FINIS:

DIALOGUE

In its pure Natural

DIALECT

As it is now commonly ſpoken in the North parts of *York-ſhire.*

Being a Micellanious Diſcourſe, or Hotch-Potch of ſeveral Country Affaires, begun by a Daughter, and her Mother, and continued by the Father, Son, Uncle, Neeſe, and Land-Lord, after which follows a Scould between *Beſs* and *Nell* two *York-ſhire* Women.

Note that *D.* ſtands for Daughter, *M.* for Mother, *F.* for Father, *S.* for Son, *V.* for Uncle, *N.* for Neeſe, and *L.* for Land-Lord.

Reader here's Folly, come and Laugh thy fill,
He never did good, that never did no ill.

YORK, Printed by *John White*, for *Francis Hildyard*, at the *Bible* in *Stone-Gate*, 1697.

XUM

A Yorkſhire Dialogue in its pure natural Dialect, &c.

D. MOther our Crockey's Cawven ſine't grew (dark,
And Iſe flaid to come nar, ſhe macks ſike warke,
M. Seaun, ſeaun Barne, bring my Skeel and late my (Tee:
Mack haſt and high thee ore to'th Laer to me:
Weeſe, git a Battin and a Burden Rape,
Though it be mirke, weeſe late it out by grape:
Then wee'l to'th Field & give the Cow ſome Hay
And ſee her Cleen before ſhe come away:
For flaid ſhe git ſome watter before ſhe Cleen.
And mar her Milk, Iſe greet out bath my Neen:
D. Whaugh Mother how ſhe rowts, Iſe varra Arle,
Shee'l put and rive my good Prunella Scarfe:

Ile ding thy Harnes out, thou base mucky Sew,
Thou macks like Anters, thou'l mistetch my Cow:
What need thou be seay flaid, she will not mell,
Nor hipe, if there war nean here but thy sell;
D. Wally, wally, heres a dest Tinye Cawse,
It's better than a Keausteril behawse,
M. But pratty macks nea Portridge *Tibb*, ist war
A Keausteril, it wad yeild mate money far:
It's newly gitten Feaut, tack haud on't *Tibb*,
Wee'l Suck'lt weel, and put it into'th Cribb,
And Bed it strangly with good clean Streay,
And see it lye'th sell down, before we geay;
It liggs bravely, for't hardly can be seen,
It'l git neay Cawd, it's bedded up to'th Een:
Good Beddin *Tibb*, will mack it Battin wee'l,
Now I will milk some Beestlings into'th Skeel;
Our Why is better Tidded than this Cow,
Her Ewr's but swampe, Shee's nut for Milk I trow

You

You wait not yet of Croky what to say,
Preause of a Puddin's it'h eating alway:
Shee's daft yet on her Cawf, in a day or tweay,
You'l see wheather she be for Milk or neay;
Now let us hame and late for Bowls and Sile,
Thy Fatther'l meause, whore we are all this while.
F. Ise not farr, ist Cow Cawy'd that's a Goodin,
Now *Tibb* weese git some Beestling Pudding:
Letts spang our geates it is varra Snithe,
And Ise flaid Wife it will be Frost Belive;
Leauk yonder ist Lad coming to late for you,
Hee'd be in Bed to Morn we gang to Plewe:
M. Wya, Wya, did'th Pot play when you com,
Wheay keauks the Supper now when Ise fra Hame,
What *Hobb* ist Beese aneugh, ist Groats put in,
Till all war deaun, I knaw thou wad nut lia:
S. Ey Mother, Groats are in Iv'e tane of'th Pot,
And 'th Cael I seaure are caud aneugh to sup:

Come

M. Come tack up'th Beefe *Tibb*, ift Dubler ready,
Thy Father and *Hobb*, mun gang to'th Smiddy,
And fetch the Specks, Sock and Cowlter hither
Seed time's now come they mun ſaw Haver:
F. Come *Tibb* for ſham bring out the bread & ſawt
Thou's lang a coming, thou braids of Haver Maut,
Thur Cael taſts ſtrang of Reeke, they're nut for me,
God ſends meat and 'th Deevil ſends Ceauks I ſee:
M. Marry geaupe ſtink, you're varra dench'd I trow
Your Belly ſarraes an ill Maſter now:
They'r o're good for them that finnds faut I ſeaure
But as the Sew doth fill the Draffe doth ſoure:
F. Thou wad faine perſwade us they are gooddins,
Hungry Doggs are fain of durty Puddings:
Come thou and taſte them, and ſit down i'th chaire
Meay the merryer, but fewer better Fair.
M. But you will not let me be merry lang
I ſeaur, for there is always ſomething wrang

They

They that heve ſike as you can heve neay will
To deau ought, A good Jack macks a good Gill.
F. I pray thee *Pegg* let us be Friends again,
Thou knaws fair words duz mack Feauls fain,
It is well ſpoken, that's weel tane I've heard,
Thou is ſeay Crabb'd, to ſpeak Iſe always feard:
M. You ſet yan on unſcape, and than you rewe,
Great matters of an angry word I trowe:
Stride *Tibb*, & clawt ſome Caſſons out o'th Hurne,
Than geay thy wayes and fetch a Skeel of Burn,
And hing the Pan ore'th fire ith Reken-Creauk,
And Iſe weſh Sile, and Diſhes up 'ith Neauke:
And then wee'l all to Bed; here's a cawd Neet,
But Husband Iſe cling cloſe, and weeſe blend feet
F. Pray thee deau *Pegg*, than Iſe get up 'ith Morne
And Late ſome Pokes, and put up our ſeed Corn:
Than thou may ſarra Gawts and Gilts with Draffe,
And Iſe give'th Yawds ſome Hinderends and Caffe,

Than

Than for our Breakfasts thou may heat some Cael
Till I lie by my Shackfork, and my Flail;
And *Hobbs* mack ready my Harrows, & my Plewgh
And he and I *Pegg* sall deau weel aneugh;
I've heard it tawk'd and now the Trueth I've fund
A mell tweay Steauls, the Tail may fall to'th grund
I lited on *Hobb*, and he lited on me,
And the Dee'l a thing is ready that I see;
Neither Traces, Hames, nor Baurghwans to finnd,
Swingle-Trees nor Helters, all's made an ill end:
But tweay dayes fine, Ise seaure they were all here
Flung on an heap ith midst of our Laer Fleaure.
S. Fatther they're liggin all on our Faugh Lands,
I trail'd them there my sell with my awn hands,
F. Thou's a good Lad my *Hobb* that teauk sike care
Ist Yoakes & Bowes and Gad & Yoaksticks there:
S. Ey, ey, & 'th Pleugh Staffe teau, Hopper & Teems
We lack nought but a Bay Stagg of my Neems,

That

That wee're to Yoak 'ith Plewgh before our Yawds
And then Ise ſeaur weeſe rive up all Adawds,
F. Near rack, near rack, weeſe tack neay thought for that
Ise ſeaur that it will bide us billing at.
Our Land is tewgh, and full of ſtrang whickens,
Cat whins, and Scavy Furs, and monny Breckins:
It's nought but Gorr, it ploſhes under Feaut,
Weeſe find Trouble anough when we come teaut:
S. Lythe ye, lythe ye, how fondly you tawke,
You think weeſe mack monny iſſavart Bawke,
When we do Plew, we mun take teaume I Reed.
I've heard Fowks often ſay mare heaſt warſe ſpeed:
The Feck on's Gripp'd, and 'th watter runs away,
I was at field my ſell, and ſaw't to day:
It will bring as good Blendings I dare ſay,
As ever grew a Reaut in onny Clay;
F. Our Eard is not for blending *Hobb* I dout,
We mun ſaw it with Bigg I trow, or nought:

Gray

Gray Geause hes laid geay carry in her Egg,
Tibb dar nut come to fetcht, for flaid o'th Stegg,
Than goame steck'th Hemble deaur, & bar up Grise
For they've byn in a mischief twice or thrice;
Let's nut loase an Hogg for a hawpworth of Tarr,
But mind to Noint'h Gawt Ear it will all marr,
Our *Perry* garr'd him run, and lugg'd him sayer,
I thowght that he had riven of his Ear:
The Libber coms to Moarn, weese libb'th awd Piggs
For they've made filthy warke ot'h Corn Land Rigs
S. Father our bull Segg's pussom'd, hee's deg bownd
And our awd Meer is slidden into'th Pownd,
F. Wellaneerin, wellaneerin, run fast run,
Run fast *Hobb*, and bid my *Maugh Herry* come:
And bring his Horne, and give our Segg a drink,
Mack hast or elle Ise whang thee till thou stink:
V. How now *Hob* thou reeks sair, what macks ta run
What uncuths hes ta brought come tell me seaun

Our

Our Yawd's layd backwards, Bull Seg is like to dee
And feay Ise come for you to gang with me:
V. Marry Ise vara weay, for that's ill warke,
Ise flaid weese nut git there, before't be darke,
F. That's weel your come, the Segg is at Stand Heck
What ails this deaur I cannut finnd out'th Sneck:
That comes in an hour, somtimes they say,
That comes nut in Twenty, He was weel to day,
And preaz'd to git ore'th Hedge into our Fogg,
And I did Slate him back then with our Dog;
V. Is this him that liggs here, Hee's Teng'd hee'l dee
Lets stick him, ther's neay whopes of him I see
Hee's pratty meeterly Flesh, here's a good Skin,
Hee'l mack good Cael, and put fat Backon in,
Lets gang and see your Sheep what ails yon Teaup,
I think something hes stampt upon his Feaut:
Thur Yowes are Clowclagg'd, they skitter saire,
They'l be full of Mawks if you tack nut Care;

I think they've gitten some fresh whewts of Girse
That macks them seay beclarted about'th Arse
Ise like to clem let's Hame *Maugh* to our *Pegg*,
Sheel kedge our kites with good Kirne-milk, & whig
V. Sister heve you ought that will flocken weel,
You've Whigg 'ith Stand, & good Kirn-milk 'ith (Skeel
Fill me 'th bend Kit Ise set it to my paet,
Ile venture a strang pull though I be hact,
Here's fine Backon Sister its glore Fat,
But it's a little knarl'd with your Carl Cat,
F. It's small warse *Pegg* whores our Haver Riddle,
Last time I saw't it was laid ive our Stable:
Ise like to tawme this day's seay varry warme
Your Bees macks a great noise, you'l have a Swarm
Wheay has remmond 'th side, Lanyels some ill Foal
I laid um here, under the Awmry soal,
Can neathing ligg that's keener than a Stane
We sall heve nought left seaun, all will be gane
All

All things runs wrang Wife, neathing cottens weel.
The Spindle is a Ravel'd, neay Garn o'th Reel,
Thy Rock is burnt, thy Sneauskin is quite gean,
I've lated sayer, and can nut find it Dame:
Our great whean-Cat hes eaten'th Pudding-poke,
You goam neathing, I never saw like Poke:
Our Kitling meyw'd, I mis'd what she did aile,
I trail'd her out 'oth Ream Kit, by the Taile;
Our Sew hes been 'ith Spence, thrawn down Whigs (Stand,
I set it up again, with my awn hand:
Perry has been irh Beef Tubb teau just now,
And mead as bad or warse warke, then our Sew:
The Ewn for lack of dittin, has slacken'd alli'th heet:
Puddings and Pyes are daugh nut fit to Eat,
Thy Sammaron Web tho seat to'th Bleachers well,
Is stown, gray Geause Gellings all dar'd 'ith shell:
Our Backin I put up 'ith Harden Seck,
The Milnes let it fall into the Beck.

Wayes is me Husband, our Awd Bread's all gane,
We mun mack bannocks till'th Backin come hame:
F. It comes ith Earnder Wife or else by Neaun,
Come bring my Slippers *Tibb*, and deet my Sheaun,
To Morn 'ith Ownder we mun dod our Sheep,
The Weathers hatet and Mawks begin to Creepe:
M. Some's steal'd our Backston *Tibb* or else it's gane
Ile vatra flaid some's getten't for'th lang lane:
If I cud tell wheay's cutt our Band fra'th Sneck,
Next time they come, Ise mack them Jet the Heck,
Thou geayes *Tibb* like a Feaul come leauke about,
And see it thou can late our Backstane out:
D. There is seay monny Holes and Hurles to seek,
That Ise neer find it, if I late this Week:
Some Tautril has been here and Stown't away,
For it was liggen here, but tother day:
Whilk wayes our *Hobb* gane Mother, heres base wark
Wonders Gawt ith Garth, hes riven all his Sarke,

What

What's warſe than ill Luck, late me our fruggin
Iſe ſtopp'th Yat, till thou mack *Perry* lugg him:
F. Here'ſt Dublet broken, & nowther ſowl nor breau
Iſe ſeay howl, I knaw nut what to deau:
The Fatt's all ſtorken'd here, a ſham to ſee,
I wad this griſely Cat war hang'd for me,
Hame's hamly, if it be neer ſeay poor they ſay,
And weer'e but like to heve Poor Fair to day:
('th Ca
Here's mad warke *Hobb*, ſpeet'th deaur & ſlay bac
There'ſt Backon in her Mouth, hit hir a bat:
Weel deaun *Hobb*, heſta gitten't leauke it's there,
It's lytle warſe, it's traild' ith mucky Fleaur,
Here'ſt Gully liggin, call thy Mother ſeaun,
Iſe ſcrape it clean, Iſe ſure it's now paſt Neaun,
Fye, Fye, If wee'd nut come juſt when we did,
Wee'd been miſliken'd of our Dinners *Pegg*:
M How ſeay I whemmeld Dubler ower'th Meat,
To keep it ſeat and warm for you to Eat,

F. But'tl: Cat had eaten't all if wee'd but been,
Dubler's broken, thou may trust thy nawn Een;
This Backon makes me Sweat it's varra sawt,
And its all reasty teau, that's a wars fawt:
M. They that eat till they sweat, and work till they'r (Cawd,
Sike Fowks are fitter to hang than to hawd:
Yan knaws nut how to please you you'r seay fickle,
Sike Feauls as you are in Dockinout Nettle:
All things are reet abroad, but nought at Hame,
You'l finnd a faut I seaur where there is nane:
F. I wad fain tee a Fine Sun thiny day,
Here's wandle Weather for getting our Hay,
What ails our *Tibb*, that she urles seay ith Neauke,
Shees nut reet she leauks an awd farrand Leauke:
D. Father 'Ive gotten Cawd, I can scarse Tawk,
And my Snurles are seay sayer stopt, I can not Snawk
Not snite my Nose, my Teeth Dather in my head,
He grown seay Healdy, I mun gang to Bed:

I. May thank my ſell for ſitting barehead,
But willfull Fowkes, Duz never want, weay its ſaid.
N. How duz my Coſen *Tibby* Naun? I mun nut ſtay,
I heard ſhe gat a Cawd the other day.
M. Ey wellaneerin wilt ta gang and ſee,
She's aboon ith chaumber, thou may clim up' th Stee,
Shees on a Dovening now, gang up Deftly *Nan*,
And mack a little din as ea'r thou can:
N. Your mains ſlaid, there's an awd ſaying you knaw
That there's no Carrion can kill a Craw
If ſhe be nut as dead as a deaur Naile,
Iſe mack her flyer, and ſemper like fleh Cale:
Thou Covers *Tibb*, I ſee thour's nut yet Dead,
Leauk at me Woman, and hawd up thy Heade.
D. Ah *Nan*, ſteek'th winderboard, & mack it dark,
My Neen are varra fair, they ſtoun and wark,
They are ſeay Gunny and Furr'd up ſome time,
I can nut leauk an Leat nor ſee a Stime.

N. Come, come, I can make thee Leetsome & Blithe,
Here will be thy awd Sweet-heart here Belive.
He teld me seay. I saw him but last Neet,
O *Tibb*, he is as fine as onny Kneet:
D. Nay *Nan*, thou duz but lybe, there's neay sike (thing,
He wooes another Lass, and gaive her a Ring:
For Change of Pastures mackes fat Cawves it's said,
But Change of Women macks lean Knaves Ise flaid,
I thought he lov'd me weel, he made sike shew,
But all's nut Gowd that glisters, I see now,
O're micle of yea thing, I've oft heard say,
Is good for neathing: And seay I find this day,
He was or'e keen to bawd as he began,
He was seay fond in Love as neat was Man,
But I may lye me down now, Seigh and Sob,
He cares neay mare for me now than a Dog:
N. Away, away, great Feaul tack thou neay Care,
He sweart that hee'l love thee for evermare; And

And sayes as ever he whopes his Saul to save,
Hel either Wed to thee, or full hi, Grave;
Wayes me he never meawted thou was ill,
But all is weel that ends weel I can tell:
He had come titter *Tibb*, if he had knawn,
Thou war seay Ill, what woman *bee's* thy nawn;
He sayes he had rather tack thee in thy Smock,
Then some with Fifty Punds, means is but Muck:
D. Thou mocks me laugh *Nan*, if all be true thou taies
I whope that then I'se see some Joyful dayes,
Hee's made me have monny a sad Heart,
I thought he'd left me and wad nut tacke my part:
But then sometimes I thought it's a black Crake,
That never to her sell can get a Make:
N. the reason why he duz nut cum and gang,
He says Love me leetly, and Love me lang,
There's luck in leizure, he'd heve your loves sack,
He sayes he's heard that heet love is seaun cawd:

He can Love the Houſe weel that hes *Tibb* in,
And nut be alwayes Riding o'th Riggin
Next time he comes he'l tell thee all his Mind:
Seay be nut Stanfra but loving and kinde:
And let him kiſs and grape teau if he will,
Thou's neer warſe woman, for there's nean can tell.
D. he's had neay want of that, which macks me think
The Proverbs true that proffer'd things duz ſtinck:
The things that we heve deaun Iſe arſe to tell,
But I ſuppoſe thou's deaun the ſame with *Will*:
N. Pray thee tell me *Tibb*, tell me woman ſeaun
And Ile tell thee what *Will* and I heve deaun,
D. If I ſhould tell the Reeks that we heve had
Thou'l kittle ſeay, it'l mack thee juſt ſtark mad:
N. thou lets me now Agog untill I hear,
Thou needſt nut bluſh come whiſper me 'ith Ear:
D. Wats need I whiſper, thou knaws young women (will
To gie a Lively Lad, uſe all their skill,

He

He kiſt me firſt, did grape my Breeſts and than,
Went lawer down, thou knaws what teau dear *Nan*
N Tell me I pray thee what did he *Tibby*,
Did he beat a Larum on thy Striddy:
I knaw that thou wad let him deau it gratis,
If yance he gat but to thy *Nunquam ſatis*;
Then thou wad cleave like *Ivy* to a Tree,
Come thou may tell here's neayn but thee and me,
T. I dare nut tell for ſhaid now of my Mother,
Pray thee be quiet *Nan* thou's ſike another,
I will not tell unleſs thou will declare
What *Will* and thou did when you went to'th Faire
N When *Will* did git to mine within an Inch,
O *Tibb*, how I did kittle then and winch:
I bluſh to tell what follow'd after that,
Young Men will heve a bit *Tibb* for their Cat:
T. Wheeſht, wheeſht, my Mother's coming up I hear
And ſhees heard all our Tawke *Nanny* I fear:

I dare nut ſpeak a word now leſs or mare,
For if ſhe hear ſhe'l whang me varra ſayer,
N. Wad ſhe war hang'd that cud nut ſtay belaw
I had as leeve be ſel'd, as nut all knaw:
Iſe hear all out, when I heve time to ſtay,
My Naunt's juſt here now, fareweell Ile away,
I mun be ganging now, Iſe ſeaure its time,
I've nowther been at Kye, nor ſarra'd 'th Swine.
M. What iſta ganging *Nan*, will thou nut ſtay,
(Lownd da
How comes thy Clattes ſeay flurr'd Barne this
Thou's never Tite there's always ſomthing wra
Wad ta ſaw thy ſell thou great Gammerſtang
For ſham Woman Reet um down as ta geaye
Iſe ſeaur thou hes nacy mence neer in thy Clay
Beſeaut hereafter, thou tack better Care,
For Meat is Mickle but Mence is mare:
Yonder our Owſe is loppen o're the Yate,
Nan Skate him back, as thou gangs up'th Town

. Naunt 'Ile nut mell, Outleſs he war our awn,
What iſt weaud Owſe, that hiped at our Brawn,
Nea, nea, great Stags what a durdam thou macks,
's him that brak down 'th rails, to'th haver ſtacks
(ſeaun,
When thou gangs up the Town, thou'l knaw him
e's a fine Flan Head, and a pure brown Greaun,
. Here's your *Hob* comming let him gang his ſell,
ell you plain, Ile nowther mack nor mell:
have neay time now up the Town to Rame,
There is odd Charrs for me to deau at hame:
Husband is *Hob* gane to fetch back 'th weaud owſe
wee bit ſine out o'th Fawd garth brack howſe,
If he can but dree, I ſaw him yeaud up 'th Town,
nd ſeay I think he's gaen to ſtate him down;
Our Hay was ſeay ill gitten this wet year,
has nea Feauſon in't at all, I ſwear,
y *Maugb* did ſay, this Hay'l be nought you'l ſee,
find an awd Ape now, hes an awd Ee:

Wiſe

Wife what's become of my Spatterdashers,
Pray thee yeaud up'th Greese & fetch'th Camash
For I maun gang to'th Field, and fetch some Hay
And give Ilkin o'th Drapes some while I stay,
There is a Rencky Cow that beats all'th rest,
And till I Fother'd them I never wist,
Tother hes Book and Bane, and are as tall
And yet she macks um run on Snocksnarles all
Bring me our Hay Spade *Hobb*, hushta good La
Tack teaum, and gome thy Feet what ista mad
Some Rogue hes Stown our Cawf house deaur a
Mind *Hobb* if thou canst Speer it out to day,
Outapont how that Hen gobbles up all'th Grea
Thur Birds are all Cumber Ise cut their Throa
M. You've setten'th Hen a Flowter, & she did fe
To git her Birds all under the Lang Settle -
She gat a Gliffe o'th Dog, hic him a Nawpe,
Or else Ise tack up'th Tengs and break his Sca

.What a durdams here, thou macks great warke
(dark
heyl have their guts ſtampt out when it grows
. Stand by Caingell let me crum um ſome Bread
e arſe to put them out, becauſe o'th Glead,
.What a whanck's there, if thou ſike waſt do mack
mun late'th Needle whore it never ſtack;
. They'l yeild ſome money, though it be little,
nd monny a little duz mack a Mickle.
I care nut an they war all drown'd i'th Dike,
hey're nut worth an Atchiſon, nor twenty ſike,
. Your a cheap man trouble not your Jobber now!
give um ſome Trouts, reach me hither'th Bowl:
. Thou's nought but babbles thou duz things to'th
(hawves
hou'd mare need gang and mack ſome Cael for'th
(Cawves
ey're ſtarv'd for want of meat hark how they bleat
When ſteed's ſtown thou may ſteek'th Stable deaur
. You're full of Care, and neer had onny yet,
pound of care I'llut pay an ounce of debt:

Bragge

Braggs a good Dog, I've heard my Grany tell,
But he was hang'd for Biting that was Ill:
If I'd nut tane mare care then you, Ise seaur,
Before this day wee'd been turn'd to'th deaur.
F. Ile yeil'd, thy humour thou mun heve I see.
Or els I seaur, Thou'l neither Height nor Ree:
It's a good Horse that duz never stumble,
And a good Wife that duz never grumble:
M. Come, come; for all this Clutter you do keep
You'd better have a Shrew, then have a Sheep;
F. Come bring my Jerkin *Tibb*: Ile to'th Arvil,
Yon mans dead seay seaun, it macks me marvil
I thought he leauk'd weel Yesterday at Neaun,
I little dream'd he wad be dead seay seaun:
Come Wife mack ready, will nut thou gang tea
Let *Tibb* deau'th wark if there be ought to deau
M. Nay, nay, you knaw I cannut gang full wee
For'th Cooper is to bring Hame 'th Kirn and Ske

Wya fare you weel, then for Ile away,
They're boon to th Kirke, and seay I mun nut stay.
Ye gitten sike a Whelke, as I com Hame
Ast now it made my Guts all kelk agane;
Mack hast good *Peg*, sweep'th house & don thee seaun
Our Land-Lord Woman will be here by Neaun,
Had an Inclin ont at'th Arvil Feast,
Methinks he macks deevlish stickle but hast.
M. Its time for me about the House to Trip,
He's be as welcome as watter into a Ship:
Sweep'th Arrans down, till all be clean neer hin,
As he'l leauk all Agye when he comes in.
I wad nut have him here for onny thing,
Although a Cat may leauk *Pegg* at a King:
Thou leauks a Dozand leauke, rub or'e thy Face
With dishclour, and put on thy Coife with Lace:
M. Ile into'th Loft, and don my Clathes, now *Will*
Mind you to get some Eldin seaun your sell,

And

And mack *Tibb* mend u'th Fire, its ommo' out
And let her rub down'th Table with a Clout:
Ile ready now let him com when he will,
But nowther'th Why nor Folly we will tell,
Let's not cast down our Hearts though he be mad
As lang lives a merry Heart as a lad:
Its not aboon Three weeks gane since'th Rent day,
Husband what have you gitten up to pay:
F. 'Ive Five Nobles *Pegg*, and some odd money,
Thou seld some Cheeses hes thou onny:
M. Seven groats and a penny is all my Stock,
Thou knaws whore't lys, Ive notwher Key nor Lock
F. Pray thee tell truly, hes thou neay mare,
Did Thou nut sell some Garn at our last Fair;
M. What if I did, heve I nut mare to pay,
Than I can mack of Trouts, Kirn-Milk and Whey
Wadta have me keaun, or deau that is warse,
Turne Whore and Addle money with my Nan

Ile hove mare unde. my hands to gang about,
Thou's nut think that Ile be thy Underlout:
F. Thou ſnoutbands me ſayr, may I nu. Jeaſt,
I ſeaur I meant neay harme to thee 'th leaſt;
Com hither *Hobb*, what little Stock hes thou,
I knaw thou's Addled ſome with driveing Plew,
S. The ſmall Stock, I've gitten up together,
Is Twelve Bodles, a Groat and Six pence Father,
F. I mun borrow't *Hobb*, what iſſa willing,
When I git munney thou's heve a Shilling:
S. Iſe gang and fetch't, its nard faſt in a Clout,
You may ſeaun lowſe't your ſell, and tack it out;
F. Here's three and three pence in odd money *Pegg*,
That macks Forty Shillings, reet as my Leg.
Paſhions a Life, here'ſt Land-Lord juſt at deaur,
Stand you by, Iſe ſpeak to him do nut feas:
L. Iſe cum to ſee you, how duſſa *Billy*, ſilly
What macks Thee huſtle, thou's mare ſawſe then

Thou Glincks & glimes ſeay, I'd misken'd thy Face,
If thou had wont at onny other place:
Iſt God Morn or God Deen, what ſeſta *Will*,
I think you have nut din'd, here's a good ſmell.
F Leet pray you Land lord, & you ſeaun will knaw
I think my wife hes Pyes it'h Ewn to draw:
Thou caſts a Leet a Lantom *Pegg*, thou's mains fine,
Heve you ſome Gueſts to come to day to Dine,
M. Wellaneering, wee'd need have every Neaun,
Something thats good to keep our Hearts aboon:
L. But courſer Fair, I think mieht you content
You tack neay thought how to pay me my Rent.
M. Good Land-Lord ſpare us, we're but poor & bare
Where'th Hedg is law it's eath gitting 'ore there:
When yans down, down with um, it duz appear,
We have had monny Loſſes this ſame yeer:
Our Sheep are dead it'h Root, and you do knaw
The price of Butter is varry law,

Weeſe

Weese pay you as we mack't and as't comes in,
And you can have neay mare o'h Cat but'th skin;
F. Here's Forty shillings, we heve neay mare,
Weese have a Cow to sell at our neest Fair:
L. What can I deau with this it will nut clear,
And pay seay mickle, as streights your awd Arrear;
F. Here's bad times, prey ya Land-Lord be content,
Forbeare us but and you's heve all your Rent.
L. But it will be a lang time first Ise feard, (heard
And whiles'th Girse grows Horse starves as I've
Next time I come, you mun clear off I leauk,
Thur driblets mack me scrat, whor't durz nut yeauk
F. But you mun let us rive up some fresh grund,
Or els wee'l turn your Farm into your hand:
L. Wad ye'd gane titter, I had been neay warse,
For you'r nut worth the warst Fart of my A——
You may gang when you will Ise never care,
Ise git another Tennant I neer fear:

F. Wee'r fattle'd here, and seay to stir wee'r laith
But weel I wait, weese gether here nea Grath,
L. You ill my Farm for you heve sed to some
Your quite undeaun and beggar'd sine you com
F. Some Pikthanks for ill will hes teld you that
An unquoth Dog hes monny barkers at,
Ise Sackless on't Sir, by this fire that Reeks,
I'l swear't upon all Beauks that opens and steeks;
If we sud swelt our hearts it will nut deau,
T'afford Sower Milk, and Bread and Rent up teau;
Yet of your Farm, I near sed an ill word,
To onny Body I will besworn Land-Lord:
I was teld, Ist get Gowd Grape, here by some Fowke,
But now I see I've bought a Pig in a Poke.
L. Away away, if I sud let you sit,
Rent free I see you cud not live on it,
Your Corn's as Rank as ever it can stand,
There's sike a wreck, it ligs all down o'th Land,

And

And yet you say your Farm is starke 'o, th Rent,
And you for Tenants gives me neay content;
You cannut pay nor I cannut forbear,
Provide seay for your selves another year;
F. Wee'r nut sea Browden on't as you suppose,
I think langer we stay the mare weese lose:
Wad we'd nee'r kend your Farm, nor had cum here
But bought wit's best if it cost nut 'ore dear,
There's neay Feaul like to'th awd Feaul, I may sey
They that are burn'd I see they mun obey,
The time that we com here, we've cause to Curse,
A tumbling Stane I see neer githers Moss:
We war o're weel before and did nut wait,
And now we may the time rue, when 'ts 'ore late.
L. Com, com, for all your goodly Cracks and Brags,
Ill Husbands and Sluggards, mun gang in Rags:
If you had Munney when you com to'th Farme,
Your Crediturs not it heve deaun you harm:

If all your Stock be gane leane ro your Rin,
Near is my Sarke, but nearer is my Skin:
Charity begins at Hame Ise nut bund
To let you live Rent free upon my grund
There's neay sell like to'th awne sell; you've Farmes (anew
Offerd' you say, God speed you, Ise nee'r Rue
A weaud Horse I've heard it often Reported:
And a Rotten Harrow are seaun parted:
Fare weel, Ise weay to finnd'th awd saying true,
It's an ill made Bargain, whore beath Parties Rue.
F. I've set our Land-Lord forward, Wife he's gane,
Our *Hob*'s not weel, he's a base stinking yane
He's troubl'd with worms, he can nut Sleep nor Ligg
Give him Wormseed and Treacle pray thee *Peg*,
Wea worth this trash, Ise flaid my lads undeaun,
He's varra sick, it warks at his Heart Speaun:
To Morn I'le gang to'th Market, and hire *Tibb*,
And *Peggy* Thou thy Sell, sall Spin oth Web:

Wy

Wya Husband, you may deau what you will,
If I be weet, Ile get it deaun my ſell;
N. How dea ye all, what Naunt as I hear ſay,
Tibby hes tane a Gods-penny to day:
Ile come to knaw before I gang to Bed,
I thought this *Martinmas* ſhe wad be wed.
M. Wayes is me ſhe's ore Young for a good Man,
There's mare Fewls wed than keeps good Houſes (*Nan.*
She's Beauk and Bane eneugh I knaw that's true
But ill Weeds waxes faſt, and ſea duz Thou:
N. Ore young ſay you, I ſeaure ſhe's gane eighteen
And few but at that age, they are Men keen;
Pray you what Age war you when you did wed,
At ſixteen Nauns you loſt your Maidenhead:
M. But they that wed before they't Wife, it's ſaid
Will de before they thrive, and ſeay Ile ſlaid
Will Thou and She, and all ſike Flirtigiggs,
That's fit for nought but ſerving Brewſter Piggs,

I marvil thy Mother gits nut thee a Dame,
It's fitter for thee then to flay at Hame,
To slive and Spin, and run an odd Char
A good Service war better for thee farr:
N. What like an a Service as *Tibbs* to heve,
I had as leeve be carried to my Greave;
M Now tea what ails her Service can thou tell
Thou'l nowther let her thrive, nor thrive thy sell:
N. I heare *Tibb* is to gang to Mistrets *Nice*,
She'l Rue, I'le warrant more than yance or twice,
She'l deal her Neaves about her, I hear tell,
She's timerous to please, and varra Fell,
First thing that comes to hand she'l let it flee,
Neans yable to abide her Crueltie;
She'l Nawpe and Nevel them without a Cause,
She'l macke them late their teeth Naunt in their (Hawse
She's kittle of her hands, and of her tongue feay rise;
That *Tibb* Ise feaure will heve but an ill Life;

Ile

Ile lay a Wager that *Tibb* never ſtayes
A New Meaun, and an awd, nay nut ten dayes:
M. Thou's had a good Layer-Father *Nan* I gueſs,
Or els I ſeaur, thou never cud tell this;
Birlady but my Barne ſhall neve be
A Battingſtock for her, Thou's plainly ſee:
Her Godſpenny, ſall be ſent ba k to Morne,
Tibbs ſtay at Hame with me *Nan* Ile beſworne;
I knaw here'l be a Sain'd for her to come,
But I ſe nee'r care, although her Meiſtris Gloom,
My Laſs ſall nowther Dame nor Meiſtriſs heve,
Leather then gang to be a parfect Slave:
N. My Neem's now coming fareweel Ile to Bed,
I've ſitten till my Feet's as caw'd as Lead;
M. Nay prethee ſtay *Nan* but a wirly Bit,
I heve ſome Garne to ſend with thee to Lit,
I ſtale a Keſſup *Nan*, fra thy Fatther,
Which made me a deel of dainty preaſer:

But Ill gitten, Ill gane, is true I finnd,
for it's all ſcatter'd, and's made an ill end:
Sea pray thee lend me a little Earning
For we mun mack ſome Cheeſe in the Morning:
N. Let *Tibb* come 'ore as ſeaun as ſhe gits up,
And I ſall ſend you back by her a ſope:
M. What haſt's thou in ſtay and tack a drink *Nan*,
There's Beer o'th Table, 'ith little Can,
N. This Drink's all dowl'd, how lang iſt ſine't was (drawn
It is nut halfe ſea freſh Naunt as our awn:
F. You Town's a dree way off *Pegg*, Iſe ſare tired
Tibb is all Jarbil'd, and Iſe baſely Mired:
As we went 'ore a Steel out ſtarts a Hare,
Our *Tibb*, gave ſike a Glent, it ſtaid her ſare:
We went into an Houſe, I loſt my Staff,
I finde its true, Still Sew eats all the Draffe,
All Fowk's deny'd, but yan beyond the Board,
And he had ſtown't, and never ſed a word,

How

How dusta Wife, thou is nut weel I think,
Thou graines varry sare, wilta heve a Drink,
A grunting Horse, and a graining Wife, nee'r will
Their Rider fail, as I have hard Fowks tell,
M. Wya, wya, I can bide your Scorns and scornes
But God be thank'd a Curst Cow hes short Horns
You'd leather see me hanging weel I wait,
Than see me ganging up and down'th Town gate,
F. You meause Wife as ye use, Ise neay sike man,
I can nut please I see deau what I can
M. you are unsawncy, I think by my life,
With tawkin to you I heve broken my Knife:
F. It's eath to mack'th Barne greet whore'th lip doth (hing
You Gloom seay Wife I thought you'd heve a Fling
At me, or some els in the House, ee'r Neet,
Something is alwayes wrang, all's never reet,
M. Gloom Co yea, it macks me as seik as a Horse,
Near to have a penny in my Purse:

Better's

F. Better's a coming pray thee do not wreak,
What Woman but for whope the Heart wad brea
God nee'r sent Mouths, but he sent Meat alway,
After town Weather follows a fair day:
That Man falls law that nee'r again duz Rise,
Whope well and have well, is said by the Wife
I nee'r fear, but Fortune again will smile,
If we can heve patience for a while:
We sall heve Luck Galore tack thou nay Care,
Though we at present be but varra Bare:
Some Rise and some do fall strangely we see,
Give a man Luck and throw him into'th Sea.
Here's good Tobacco Wife it cost a prindle,
How mun I leet my Pipe, Whaugh here's na Ingle
M. What need you Rame seay, you see'th fire's gane,
Poul out your Touchwood, box, Steel & flint steane,
Then strike Fire, and leet a Seave I Reed,
And smeauke your Pipe before we gang to Bed:

Unfeel

. Unfesten my Coller point Wife, then let us Kiss,
And pray for Love, mell them whare ther nean is.
What din is yon, lets gang to'th deaur good Wife
And Lithe, yonders some Flight, I'l lay my Life:
M. Marry Husband you have a special guess,
Hark yau what warke yonders 'tween *Nell* and *Bess*.

A Cruel Flight begins,
Amel twea former Friends.

. THou Ugly Whore what wark made thou (last Neet
hou deserves douking if thou had thy Reet;
hat wad ceaul thy sawt A— thou fulsome Bitch,
Rotten Jade thou gave young *Nobbs* the Itch:
ast time he clapperclaw'd thy Reeking A—
e may be glad and fain it was neay warse:
. Thou lucken-brow'd Trull, there's nean warse (then thy sell
hou went to ceaul thy Tail thou knaws at'th well
When

When every grisely Scab it was seay big,
And sare that thou cud neither sit nor lig:
I neer Besh— my sell, as thou did Bitch,
When 'th Fellow wrought seay sare he gat a stich
Thou cud not get him off thy Belly Jade,
Till thou wast forced to cry out for Aide,
And then'th whores bird thy Daughter *Jan* com
And puld him of, and drust and made thee clean
N. I scorn thy words thou filthy Refie Jade,
Thou's gotten an 'ore heat Bitch with thy Trade
Geay shack thy Scabs off Whore, and wash thy Sk
Thou stands mare need than I of macking clean
B. Hang thee Whore, hang thee, I never was laid
Between two Feather Beds, to get a Sweat:
My Hair did near corn off thou dirty Drab,
as thine did when thy Nose was in a Scab:
I ne'r was laid down Drunken on a Bed,
With all my Clathes pul'd up Whore to my Hea
B.

And ſea left faſt a ſleep with a great Candle
Burning between thy Haughs, that all meet handle,
And then deau what they wad thou druncken Sew,
Thy Tallow face is like to make me Spew:
B. How lang ift ſine the Lads did ſhout and hollow
And after thee with Rotten Eggs did follow:
Thou mawky Whore, thou has forgitten ſeaur,
Sine'th Cramer gat the up again a Deaur.
Th midſt of all'th Town-gate, and'th Lads com by;
And ſaw you at it, then ſet up a Cry:
And then beath thou and he away did ſneake,
If thou can ſay ought for thy ſell, Whore ſpeak,
W. Thou lees, thou lees, thou griſely Braſſen Face,
I nee'r was Pybald yet, ith Saddle place:
Nor had a Surgeon to Syringe me,
As thou had Whore, when thou coud hardly ſee
Thy Head and Face, they war ſea ſwell and ſare,
That thou had ſcarcely left thee onny Haire:

And

B. As weel hair'd as thy fell, thou nasty Quean,
Hang thee thou fullom Trull, thou's never clean,
Base Tantrill I never ule to tack Neet Rambles,
And heve my Clathes ram'd up 'ith Butchers Sham-(bles
Ther's filthy stinking Flesh when thine ligs there,
O'th day time seaut there's mean can like sike Ware

N. As good Ware as thy fell Whore every whit,
I was never laid down on a Mixden yet:
With a Drunken Tinkler found at wark
Between thy Legs Whore; it was nut seay dark,
But they could plainly see that did gang by,
How sweetly thou and thy Tinckler did lye,

B. Away, away Whore, thou tells up and down,
How monny Men has laid with thee i'th Town,
Thou's a bold Whore, thy like was seldome seen,
I marvel seay good Wife Clawts out thy Neen?

N. Clawt out my neen Whore, but Ile dill thy din,
Ile ceaul thy Haggas-Bitch if I begin,

Nay

Nay run nut Whore, Thou's nut ſeay leet of Feaut,
Iſe git thee an the Devil git the nut;
Nay Whore I've gitten haud, Ile coul thee down,
And ſhew thy Neighbours thy bald Scabby Crown
B Murder, Murder, good Neighbours help me ſeaun
She Bites and Scrats, Iſe flaid Iſe be undeaun:
Weay worth this Whore, ſhe's riven all my Pinner
Ny Coife, and Hankerchief as Iſe a Sinner:
Ile mack thee pay for this Whore Ile beſworn,
Ile have a Warrant for thee Jade to Moarn:
N. What prates ta ſtill, wad ta have mare yet Trull,
Before I gang thou's heve thy Belly full:
What runs ta Whore, heſta gitten'th deaur Sporn,
Ile have another Bout with thee to Morne:
Thoupeeps yet Whore, cum out agane thou Bitch,
And I will Scrub off all thy Scabs, and Itch,
I think I'v wheeſted thee Whore, for this Neet,
Thou ſal be ſure of mare next time we meet:

E. Wad'ta kiſs'd my A-thou Jarble tail'd Trull thou
Thou's juſt like a Cow that's keen 'oth Bull now:
Thou pinns and decks thy ſell to git a Ride
And nean that knaws thee will ſike Ket beſtride:
N. Oh Whore had I but thee here out again,
I'de mack thy Ribs to Reek & guts to graen.
If ever I get thee in my Clutches,
Ile mack thee fit Jade to gang on Crutches.

The Authors Concluſion.

My Papers at an end, Ile take my Eaſe,
Here's too much pains beſtow'd, unleſs it pleaſe.

FINIS:

Some Observations concerning the Dialect and various Pronunciation of words in the East-Riding *of* Yorkshire.

1. MAny words are varied by Changing *o* into *a*: though I question whether our *Yorkshire* Pronunciation be not the most ancient. So for *both* we Pronounce *bath*: for *bone*, *bane*; for *work*, *wark*; hence *Newark*, *Southwark*, &c. for *more*, *mare*; as mickle mare, much more: for *home*, *hame*; hence all the Towns ending in *ham*, as *Wickham*, *Fulham*, *Stretham*, &c. *hamely* for *homely*: for *worse*, *warse* and *war*: for *stone*, *stane*; *unde Stanton*; q. *Stony Town*, *Stanford*, *Stanemore*, &c. So for Wo is me, *wa's me* Οἴμοι So *Barns* Children is Borns, derived from Bear; exactly answering to the Latine *nati*. For *Knapweed*, *Knopweed*, because of the knops at the top.

2. In many words we leave out the aspirate, both at the beginning and at the latter end. So for *Chaffe*, they say *Caffe*; for *Churn*, *Kern*; and thence *Kern-milk*, is Buttermilk; for *Chest*, *Kist*; near the Latin *Cista*: for *Lath*, *Lat*; for *Bench*, *Bink*; for *Pitch*, *Pick*; for *Thach*, *Thack*; *Thatcher*, *Theaker*; for *Church*, *Kirk*; near Κυνακὴν

3. In many words we change *ol* and *oul* into *au*, as for *cold* they say *caud*; for *Old*, *Aud*; thence *Audley*, as much as to say *Old* Town; for *Elder*, *Auder*, or as we write *Alder*; thence *Alderman*, a Senator; for *Wolds* or *Woulds*, *Wauds*; thus the ridge of Hills in the East, and part of the North Riding of *Yorkshire*, [our *Apennine*] is called: And sometimes the Country adjoyning is called the *Wauds*. But that which lies under the Hills, especially down by *Humber* and *Ouse*-side, towards *Howden*, is called by the Country-people the Lowths, *i. e.* The low Country in contradistinction to the *Wauds*. Though some call all the East-Riding besides *Holderness*, and in distinction from it the Woulds.

4. In some words for *oe* we Pronounce *eu*, as *ceul*, *Feul*, *eneuf*; for *cool*, *Fool*, *enough*. In some words instead of *oo*, or *o*, or *oa*, we Pronounce *ee*; as, *Deer*, for *Door*, steck the *Deer*; *Fleer* for *Floor*; *abreed* for *abroad*; *ge* for *go*; *se* for *so*; *se* throng *i. e.* so full of business; *ne* for *no*. For *Poison* they Pronounce *Peuson*.

Note, In some part of the West-Riding they pronounce *oi*, for *o*; *hoil*, for *hole*; *coil*, for *cole*; *hoise* and *shoin*, for Hose and Shooes.

5. They ordinarily omit *s* at the end of a word when used for his: As instead of *Jacksons* Wife, they say *Jackson* Wife; instead of Brothers Coat, Brother Coat.

They

6. They Place *y* before ſome words beginning with Vowels; *yane*, *yance*; as in ſome other parts of *England yarely* for *early*; *Yowes*, for *Ewes*.

7. To the ends of ſome words they add *en*; as in *Maſlingen*, *Docken*, *Bracken*: Elſe where in *England* the termination *en* is a Note of the plural number, as in *Houſen*, for *Houſes*; *Hoſen*, for *Hoſes*; *Shooen* or *Shoon*, for *Shooes*; *Peaſon*, for *Peaſe*; *Children*, for *Childs*, &c.

In the ſame Country for *Straw*, they uſe *Strea*, and for *Claws*, *Cleas*.

Here followeth a Collection of Significant and usefull Proverbs, some of which are apropriated to York-shire.

AS Blake [*i. e. yellow*] as a paigle,
Hee'll never dow [*i. e be good*] Egg nor bird
As flat as a flaun [*i. e. a Custard*]
I'll foreheet [*i. e. predetermine*] nothing but Building of Churches, and Louping over them.
Meeterly [*Indifferently*] as Maids are in fairnes
Weell and woemen cannot pan [*i. e. Close together*] but way and Woemen can.
A Scauld head is seaun broken.
Awd Men are twice Bairnes [*Children*]
As dead as a Deaur-Naile.
A Vaunter and a Lyar is baith yay thing
A seauls bolt is seaun shot.
A Geen Horse sud not be leauk'd in the Mouth.
A Careless huslie macks monny Thieves.
A Wool Seller kens whore a Woul buyer lives
As the Sew fills the draff Sowers.
A New Bisome Sweeps clean.
An ill Servant will never be a good Master.
An hyred Horse tyred never,
A Horse may Stumble on four feet.
All things hes an end and a pudding hes twa.
A Friend is not knawn but in need.
Better sit idle then work teaum [*i. e. for nothing*]
Better one Bird in hand than twa in a Bush.

Better ſay here it is, nor here it was.
Better heve a Mouſe in the Pot as neay Fleſh.
Cats eat that which Sluts Spares.
Compariſons are Odious.
Draff is good eneugh for Swine.
A Hungry Dog is fain of a dirty Pudding.
A Reeking houſe and a Scawding Wife will mack, yan weary of his Life.
Foul words break neay Banes.
A pare of good Spurs to a Borrowed Horſe is better than a Peck of Haver.
The beſt is beſt to ſpeak teau.
As nimble as a Cat on a haite Back-ſtane.
Seaun awd lang young.
A Mile and a wea bit.
Neay faire words in Flighting.
Faire words macks Feauls faine
Love me and love my Dogg,
As good comes behind as gangs before.
The ſtill ſew Eats all the draff.
Every Man knaws beſt whore his Sheaw wrings,
After Witt comes ower late.
For love of the Nurſe the Bairn gets mony a Cuſs
Fair words Butter neay Parſnebs.
Feauls mack Feaſts and Wiſemen eat them.
Fidlers Doggs and Flies come to Feaſts uncal'd.
God never ſends Mouths but he ſends meat
Geay flay the Geeſe.
He mon heve leave to ſpeak that cannot haud his Tongue.
He that ſpares to ſpeak ſpares to ſpeed.

He

He that ſpeaks the things he ſud not, hears the things he wad not.
He is not the Feaul that the Feaul is, but he that with the Feaul deals.
He is a Feaul that forgets himſelf.
He mun heve a lang ſhafted ſpeaun that ſups kail with the Devil.
He that hes Goud may buy Land,
Haſte macks waſte.
He that Marries a ſlut Eats mickle durt.
Hame is hamely an't be neer ſeay poor.
He that Fiſhes afore the net, lang Fiſh or he Fiſh get
He that gives all his geir to his bairns may tack a mell and knock out his harnes.
He ſees an Inch before his Noſe.
As angry as if he had piſſ'd on a Nettle
Mony hands macks leet wark.
Live and let live.
Honours Changes manners.
Men are blind in their awn Cauſe,
Penny Wiſe pound Feauliſh.
Thruſt your Arm neay farther than your ſleve will reach.
Sike a Man ſike a Maſter.
Leet gaines macks a hevy purſe.
Send him to the Sea and he will not git Watter.
Twa hungry Maels macks the third a glutton
This bolt com never out of your bag.
Mae the Merrier fewer better faire.
Give Loſers leaue to tauk.
Youth and Age will never agree.

Ye

Ye braide of the Millers Dogg, ye lick your mouth or the the poke be open.
Scarbrough warning.
As true Steel as Ripon Rowels.
Peudle, *Inglebrough* and *Peny gent*.
Are the three higheſt hills between *Scotland* & *Trent*
If Brayton Bargh and Hamelton Hough, and Burton bream.
Warr all in thy Belly it wad neer be team.
Cleaveland in the Clay, bring tway ſhun carry yane away.
There's great deauings in the North when they barr their Deaurs with Taylors.
Three great ills come out of the North,
A cawd wind, a cunning Knave, and a ſhrinking Cloth.
A *Scottiſh man* and a *Newcaſtle* grundſtane Travell all the World ower.
Credle ſtreays are ſcarce out of his Breech
He is a feaul that is not Mallancholly yance a day
As nimble as a Cow in a Cage
Sett a Cow to git a Hare.
Neither good Egg nor good Bird.
You come with your five Eggs a penny and four of them be Rotten.
I'le not put of my Dublet before I gang to bed.
A Chip of the awd block.
Like a Chip in the Porridge Pot.
He carrys Coale to *New Caſtle*.
Buſh Natural mare hair than wit.
Neay Butter will ſtick on his bread.

You

You ſeek breechs of a bare arſ'd man.
His bread is butterd on beath Sides
His Breech macks buttons [*ſaid of a man in Fear*]
As they brew e'en ſeay let them bake.
They agree like bells they want neathing but Hanging.
A young Saint, an awd Devil.
He that wruſles with a t—d is ſure to be beſh whether he fall ower or under.
Wiſhers & woulders are never good Houſeholders.
If Wiſhes wad bide beggars wad ride.
Wiſh in yea hand and ſhit in tother, and ſee whilk will be full firſt.
They had need of a Beeſome that ſweeps houſe with a Turf.
Beſt is beſt Cheap.
Beware of had I wiſt.
Birds of a Feather Flock together.
Every Bird mun hetch her own Eggs.

An Alphabetical

CLAVIS,

Unfolding the Meaning of all the

York-shire

Words made use of in the aforegoing

DIALOGUE.

A.

I *Se Arfe*; that is *I am afraid.*
Auters; signifies *strange work*, or *strange things.*
Amell; is *Between.*
Awne; Signifies *own.*
To *Riwe all a dawds*; is to *tear all in pieces.*
Ackwards; is *when a beast lies backwards and cannot rise.*

What

What ailes this deaur; is *what's the matter with this door.*

An *Aumery*; is *a Cupboard to put bread or meat in.*

Awd; is *Old.*

Awdfarrand; is *grave and ſober.*

Aboon; is *above,*

To *ſet one Agog*; is *to make one long or deſire,*

Aſtà; Signifies *as thou.*

An *Atchiſon*; is *a Scot'ch Coyne worth fower Bodler,*

An *Arvill*; is *a Funeral*

To *look Agye is to look aſide.*

B.

A *Barne*; is *a Child.*

A *Battin*; is *the Straw of two Sheaves foulded together.*

Behawfe; is *behalf.*

To

To *Batten*; ſignifies *to feed* or *like well.*

Beeſtlings; is *the firſt milk after Calving.*

Belive; is *in the Evening,*

Burne, is *water.*

To *blend*, is *to mix* or *put together.*

Baurghwans, are *horſe Collars,*

To *bide billinge at*, is *to abide working at.*

Breckins, ſignifies *Fearn.*

A *Bauke*, is *a Balke.*

Blendings, are *Beans and Peaſe mixed together.*

Bigg, is *of the nature of Barly*, and makes good Malt.

A *Bull ſegg*, is *a gelded bull,*

Backon, is *Bacon.*

Beclarted, is *Beſmeared* or *Bedaubed.*

A *bend Kitt*, is *a kind of a great Can with a Cover.*

A

A *Bleacher*, is *a whiteſter of Cloath.*
A *Bakin*, is *Corn put up to ſend to the Mill for bread.*
A *Beck*, *is a River.*
Bannocks, are *Cakes baked before the fire.*
A *Back-ſtane*, is *a ſtone or iron to bake Cakes on.*
Blithe, is *glad.*
Breeſts, are *breaſts*,
A *Brawne*, is *a Boar.*
Booke and bane, ſignifies *luſty and ſtrong.*
To *bleare*, is *to roar and cry.*
Twolve Bodles, ſignifies *two pence*,
To *be browden on a thing*, is *to be fond on a thing.*
Birlady, is *by our Lady*
A *batting ſtock*, is *a beating ſtock*,
Beath, is *both.*
Breau, is *ſupping Meat, or Gravy and fat for brewis*, &c.

C.

C.

CRockey is a little Scotch Cowe.
Cawven is *Calved.*
A Cowe cleening is *the bag that hangs at the Cows Box after ſhe hath new Calved.*
A Cawſe is *a Calfe.*
Cawd, is *Cold.*
Caell, is *Potage.*
To *Ceauke*, is to *Cook.*
To *Claut* is to *tear or pull.*
Caſſons are *dryed Cow-turds.*
Caffe, is *Chaffe.*
Like to clem, is *very dry ready to choak.*
A Carle Cat, is *a Dog-Cat, or a Hee Cat.*
Naught Cottens weell, is *Nothing goes right.*
Cud is *Could.*

Chaumber, is a Chamber.
A *Crawe*, or *a Crake, is a Crow.*
To *Cover, is to recover.*
Clathes, are *Clothes.*
Cumber , is trouble.
A *Caingel, is a toothy crabbed fellow.*
To *keep a clutter, is to make a great ſtir.*
Coyea , is quoth you.
To *Ceaul, is to cool.*
To *Clapperclawe, is to work earneſtly*, or *beat or Fight earneſtly.*
A *Crammer, is a Bowle ſewer.*
To *Cool ones Haggas, is to beat one ſoundly.*

D.

I *Se dinge*, that is *I ſhall beat.*
Deſt, is pritty.

Daſt,

Daſt is fond or *fooliſh.*
Deann. is done.
A *Dubler, is a Diſh to lay Meat on.*
Dench'd, is finely Mouthed or *Curious.*
Draffe, is Graines.
Dean, is do.
A *Deaur, is a door.*
Degg-bound, is mightily ſwelled in the Belly.
Dittin, is Morter to ſtop up the Oven withal.
Dayugh, is Dough.
To *Deet, is to wipe and make clean.*
To *Dodd Sheep, is to cut the wool away about their Tailes.*
To *Datther, is to Tremble with cold.*
Duz, ſignifies *does.*
Deftly, is ſoftly or *leaſurely.*
A *Dovening, is a ſlumber.*

Din, is *Noyſe.*
A *Durdam*, is *a great noyſe or ſtir.*
To *dree*, is *to hold out*, or *be able to go.*
A *dree way of*, is *a long way off*,
A *drape*, is *a Cow to be fatted that gives no milk.*
A *Dike*, *is a little Pond or watery place.*
To *Don*, *is to put ones Clothes on.*
A *dozand leanke*, *is an old withered look.*
Duſta, is *does thou.*
Driblets, are *ſmall inconſiderable things.*
Dowl d, is *dead* or *flatt*, *and not brisk.*
Druſt, Signifies *dreſt.*
To *deck one ſelf*, is *to make them trim and fine.*

E.

E.

En, are *Eyes*,
Ewer, is *an Udder*.
Ey, *ey*; is *Yes*, *Yes*.
Eard, is *Earth*.
Ewn, is *an Oven*,
Earnder, is *the forenoon*,
Elding, is *Wood and Sticks for the fire*,
Eath, is *easie*.
Earning, is *Rennit to make Chees with-all*

F.

Flaid, is *afraid*.
Feaut, is *a foot*.
Fra, is *from*.
Finnd, is *find*.
Fawt, is *fault*.
Fain, is *glad*.

Feawls, is Fooles.
Fund, is found.
Flung, is thrown,
Fleaure, is floor.
Faugh, is Fallow.
Fondly, is fooliſhly.
Fowkes, is Folk.
Feck, is the moſt or *greateſt part.*
Fogg, is freſh Graſs that comes after Mowing.
Feald, is hid.
Fruggin, is a Pole to ſtir in the Oven when it is heated to ſtir the aſhes up
Flyer, is to laugh.
Feard, is afraid.
To *be feld is to be knocked down.*
Flur'd, is all Ruffled.
A Flan-head, is a broad large head.
Feauſan, is *Taſte* or *moiſture.*
Flawter, is *when one* is *angry* or *afraid.*

To

To Fettel, is to make ready, or *prepare.*

A *Filly,* is *a Mare Foale,* or *young Mare.*

To *Feſt,* is *to tye.*

A *Flirtigiggs,* is *a wanton fond Laſs.*

Fell is fierce and keen.

A *Flight, is a Scoulding-match.*

G.

BY *Grape,* is by *grope.*

To *Greet,* is *to weep.*

Geay, is *go.*

Town-gate, is the Town-Street.

Gang, is *go.*

Groats, are *Oatmeal.*

Gawts and *Gilts,* are *Hog-pigs* an *Sow-pigs.*

Gor, is *miery* or *dirty.*

Grip'd, is *delv'd to drain away wate*

Geause, is *a Gooſe.*

To *Goame*, is *to mind.*

Griſe, is *Swine.*

Girſe, is *Graſs.*

Glore fat, is *very fat.*

Good Morn, is *a good Morning to you.*

Goddeen, is a *good Evening.*

Garne, is *yarne.*

To *Gawve*, is to *ſtare.*

Griſely, is *Ugly.*

A Gully, is a *Houſe Knife*, *to cut Bread*, &c.

Gunny and furr'd, is *ſore Running Eyes.*

Gammerſtangs., is a *great fooliſh wanton Girle.*

Greaun, is a *Month.*

Greeſe, ſignifies *Staires into a Chamber.*

Gammaſhes, are *courſe Cloth Stockings that button upon other Stockings to keep one warm.*

To

To *Gobble*, is *to Eat greedily.*
A *Gliffe.* is *a ſudden ſight of a thing by chance.*
A *Glead*, is *a Kite.*
Grannep, is *a Grand-mother.*
Glimps and Glimes, ſignifies *to look cunningly.*
Grath, is *Riches.*
God's-penny, is *an Earneſt-penny.*
To *Gloom*, is *to frown and be ſullen.*
Grane, is *to grian*
To *Glent*, is *to ſtart a ſide.*
Golore, is *great plenty*, or *abundance.*

H.

TO Hey, is *to make haſt.*
Harnes, ſignifies *Braines*
To *Hipe*, is *to puſh with a head*,
Haud, is *hold.*
Hame, is *home*,
Hobb, is *Robert.*

Heave,

Haver, *is Oates.*

An *Hurn*, *is a hoal behind the Chimney.*

Hinderends, *are the Offall of Corn whe. it is winnowed.*

Haet, *is hot.*

Hammes, are *the crooked pieces of wood that are put upon Horse-Collars.*

An *Hopper*, *is a Seed-lip*, or *Basket the Husband-men put their Seed-Corn in, when they sowe their Land.*

An *Hemble*, *is an Hovel* or *house to put Cattel under*, or *Wayns* or *Carts into*,

An *Haver Riddle*, *is a Sive they use in Winnowing of Oates.*

Harden, *is Hemp.*

Hing, signifies *hang.*

Helters, *is Halters.*

Holes and *burles*, are *odd dark blind holes in a houſe*

Hes, is hath.

Howle, is hungry.

Heſta, is has thou.

Heauldy, is one that is tender and cannot endure much cold.

Huſbta, ſignifies *to hold faſt* or *mind ones feet.*

Hawves, is halves.

Height nor *Ree*, ſignifies *a wilful perſon that will not be perſwaded to any thing, but what they liſt.*

Huſtle, is to ſhrug ones Shoulders.

Heart-ſpeaun, is the hole betwixt the Breaſt and Belly.

Hauſe is the Throat.

Houghs, are the Leggs and Thighs,

I.

Ilfavart, is *unhanſome.*
To *Jet the Heck*, is *to put one to the door.*
Jybe, is *to mock* or *Jeer.*
Iſta, ſignifies *art thou*,
Ilkin, is *each one.*
Jobber Nowle, ſignifies *a Logger head.*
Jerkin, is *a kind of a jacket* or *upper Dublet with four Skirts* or *laps.*
An *Inckline*, ſignifies *to have knowledge* or *hear of a thing.*
Iſe, ſignifies *ſometimes I ſhall, and ſometimes I am.*
Iſt, ſignifies *is it.*
Jarbl'd, is *dangled* or *dirty.*
Ingle, ſignifies *fire.*

K.

A *Keaustril*, is *a great bon'd courſe creature.*
A *Keauke*, is *a Cook.*
Knaw, is *Know.*
To *Kedge*, is *to fill one very full.*
A *Kite*, ſignifies *the Belly.*
Kirne Milk, is *butter Milk.*
Knarl'd, is *Eaten and torne with the Teeth.*
A *Kneet*, is *a Knight.*
Keen, ſignifies *Fierce* or *earneſt.*
Knaw is *know*
To *Kittle* is *to Tickle.*
Kye, are *Cowes.*
A *Kirne*, is *a Chirne.*
A *Kirk*, is *a Church.*
Kelk, ſignifies *to Groan.*

L.

TO *Late, is to ſeek.*
A Laer, is a Barn.
Lig, is to lye.
Leauke, is to look or behold.
Never Lin, ſignifies *not to tire* or *give over.*
Lang, is long,
To Lite is to Rely on, or *truſt to*
Liggin, is lying or *reſting.*
Lyth ye, Lyth ye, is as much as to ſay *hark ye, hark ye.*
To *Lug, is to tug, pull* or *bite.*
A *Libber, is a Gelder.*
Leeter is Lighter,
For 'th lang Lane, is when a thing is borrowed with an intention never to be pay'd again.
Leetſome, ſignifies *to be pritty Chearful.*

Leather,

Leather, is rather.
Lawer, is lower.
Lownd, is calm and mild
Loppen, is Leaped.
A *Langſettle, is a long Wainſcot Bench to ſit on.*
A *Loft, is a Chamber.*
To *Leet, is to alight.*
A *Lantom, is a pritty diſtance,* or *Way off.*
Laith, is Loath,
A *Layer-father, is an Inſtructer, Teacher,* or *prompter.*
To *Lit, is to dye.*
Lucken Brow'd, is hanging knit Brows.
Thou Lecs, is thou Lyes.

M.

TO *Mack*, is *to make.*
Mirk, is *dark.*
To *Mar*, is *to ſpoile.*
Miſtech, ſignifies *to get an ill uſe* or *Cuſtom.*
Mell, is *Between.*
Mare, is *more*
To *Meauſe*, is *wonder* or *admire.*
Mun, is *muſt*
Maut, is *Malt.*
Meay, is *more.*
A *Meer*, is *a Mare.*
Maugh, is *a Brother-in-Law.*
Meterly, is *indifferent.*
Mawks, are *Maddocks.*
Miſlicken'd, is *diſapointed*
Mains ſlaid, is *much afraid.*
Mickle. is *much.*

Meau-

Meauted, is *thought*, *dreamed*, or *feared*.
A *Make*, *is a fellow*, or *Companion*.
Mence, is *handsomness*, or *credit*.
To *marvil*, is *to admire* or *wonder*.
Misken, is *not to know*.
Mains fain, is *very glad*.
Mains fine, is *very fine*.
Meann, is *the Moon*.
Meause as you use, that is *when one judgeth another according to their own doings*.
Mawkie, is *full of Maddocks*.
To *Morne*, is *to morrow*.

N.

Nar, is *near*.
Neen, signifies *Eyes*.
Nut, is *not*.
Nean or *Neayn*, is *none*.
Neay, is *no*.
A *Newke* or *Neawke*, is *a Corner*.

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Neay, is *no*.
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Neet, is *Night.*
Neem, is *Uncle.*
Neer Rack, is *never matter*, or *take no care.*
Neawn, is *Noon.*
Nawn, is *own.*
Nowther, is *neither.*
Neeſt, is *next.*
Naupe and *Newill*, is *to beat* and *ſtrike.*

O.

Ought, is *any thing.*
Onny, is *any.*
Owonder, is *the afternoon.*
Owſe, is *an Ox.*
Odd Charr, ſignifies *trifling buſineſs* or *ſmall Errands.*
Ommoſt, is *almoſt.*

P.

TO *putt*, is *to puſh with the Head*
Pratty; is *handſome*, or *pretty*.
Preauf, is *proof*.
To *plew*, is *to plow*.
To *make the Pot play*, is *to make the Pot boyl*.
Pokes, are *Sacks*.
Pudding-poke, is *the Pudding bag*.
A *Pleugh*, is *a Plough*.
It *Plaſhes*, ſignifies *to be all wet under foot*.
Perry, is *a little Cur Dog*.
Puſom'd, is *Poyſon'd*.
A *Pownd*, is *a Pond of water*.
To *Preaze*, is *to preſs towards a place* or *endeavour to go that way*.
The *Pate*; is *the Head*.
Preaſure, is *Rennet to make Chees withal*.
A *Pringle*, is *a little ſilver Scotch Coin about the bigneſs of a penny, with two* XX. *on it*.

Pybald, is *to be of two Colours*
To *Prate*, is *to Talk saucily.*

R.

A *Rape*, is *a Rope.*
To *Rout* is *to Roare.*
Rive, is *to Tear.*
Reek, is *Smoke.*
A *Reckingcrewke*, is *the Pot hanger.*
I Reed, is *I advise.*
Reut, is *Root.*
Remmon'd is *removed.*
A *Reel*, is *an Instrument Women wind their Linnen* or *Hempon yarn on.*
A *Rock*, is *a Distaffe.*
Ream Kit, is *the Cream pot.*
Reasty, is *when Bacon is yellow and taste ranck.*
Reet, is *right.* To *Reet a thing down, or to make it smooth.*
Rigging, is *the Riging of a House.*

Reeks

Reeks, is *it ſmokes.*
Rame, is *to Rave, Rake, Scrape* or *pull.*
Reneky, is *great and large.*
Ranck, is *thick* or *throng.*
To *Rue*, is *to repent.*
Rife of Tongue, is *quick and nimble of Tongue.*
Reeſie, is *Scabby* to *Itchy.*

S.

Sine, is *ſince.*
Sike, is *ſuch.*
Seaun, is *quickly.*
A *Skeell*, is *a Milk Pail* or *Water Pale.*
Sell, ſignifies *ſelf.*
To *Suckle*, is *to let Calfe Suck the Dam* or *Mother*
Streay, is *Straw.*
Strangly, is *ſtrongly.*
Swamp, is *empty* or *ſmal.*
A *Sile*, *is a ſtrainer for Milk.*

To *Spang ones gates*, is *to make haſte.*
Snithe, is *very cold* and *piercing.*
Seaure, is *ſure.*
Smiddy, is *a Black-Smiths Shop.*
Specks, are *long thin pieces of Iron which Husband-men nail upon their Ploughs, to ſave them from wearing.*
A *Sock*, is *the Plow ſhare to put on the Noſe of the Plow.*
Sawt, is *ſault.*
A *Stag* is *a young Coult.*
Sarraes, ſignifies *ſerves.*
A *Shack-fork*, is *a ſtick with two graines which Thraſhers uſe to ſhake up the Straw withall, that all the Corn may fall out from amongſt it.*
Swingle-trees, are *crooked pieces of wood to which the Horſes Traſes* are *made faſt behind the Horſes.*
Strang, is *ſtrong*
Seavy, is *full of Ruſhes.*

A *Seave*, is *a Ruſh that is drawn through in Greaſe, which in ordinary poor houſes they light up*, and *burn inſtead of Candle.*

To *Saw Corn* is *to ſow Corn.*

A *Steg*, is *a Gander.*

To *ſteek* or *ſteck* is *to ſhut.*

A *Sand Heck*, is *a Cratch that ſtands on feet in a Fold-Yard, for Cattel to eat their Fodder out on.*

A *Sneck*, is *a Latch of a Door* or *Gate.*

To *ſlate a Beaſt*, is *to hound a Dog at him.*

To *Stick*, is *to Butcher and Kill a thing.*

To *Stamp*, is *to tread upon.*

Skitter, is *when Cattle Scoure* or *ſhite thin.*

Sloken is *to quench the thirſt.*

Side Lanyells, are *hoppels for Horſes.*

A *Stane*, is *a ſtone*

A *Sneauskin*, is *a Leather which Women have faſt at their Diſtaff, and lye upon their Thigh to twirle their Spindle upon.*

A *Spence*, is *a little place made with Wainſcot* or *a Lettice to ſet Milk* or *Drink in.*

To *Slake heat*, is *to ſcale or looſe heat.*

Sammaron, is *a Cloth between Linnen and Hempen, not altogether ſo courſe as the one*, nor *fine as the other.*

A *Seck*, is *a Sack.*

Sheaun, are *Shooes.*

Stown, is *Stoln.*

A *Sark*, is *a ſhirt.*

Showle

Sowle, is *all kind of moiſt* or *ſupping Victuals*.

To *Storken*, is *to cool*, or *wax ſtiff* or *hard*.

Seay, is *ſo*.

To *Spear out a thing*, is *to enquire after a thing*.

To *Spear the Deaur*, is *to ſhut the door*

To *Whemble a Bowl over a thing*, is *to cover it with a Bowle*.

Snawke is *to ſmell*.

Snurles, are *the Noſtrils*.

To *Snite* is *to blow the Noſe*.

A *Stee*, is *a Stye* or *Ladder*.

To *Simper* is *to ſmile*.

To *Stun*, is *when a thing ſmartes*.

Not to ſee a ſtime, is *to be Blind*, and *ſee nothing at all*.

A *Saul*, is *a ſoule*.

Sad, is *ſorrowfull* or *Melancholly*.

Stan-

Stanfra, is *backwards* or *unwilling*.
Sud, is *ſhould*.
A *Stiddy*, is *an Anvill*.
Spatterdaſhers, are *things to put above ones Stockings to keep them clean from mire and durt*.
To *Run on ſnack-ſnarles*, is *to run on heaps headlong together*.
Where it never ſtack, is *where it never ſtuck*.
Sporn, is *ſhut or cloſed*.
Seſta, is *ſayeſt thou*.
Stickle but haſte, is *very great haſt*, or *ſpeed*.
To *Snout-band one*, is *to be very angry* and *haſty with one*.
Stark at the Rent, is *very dear at the Rent*.
To *Scrat*, is *to ſcratch*.
Sattl'd, is *ſettled*.
Sackleſs, is *guiltleſs*, or *innocent*

To

To *Swelt*, is *to dye.*
A *Saind*, is *a Meſſenger* or *meſſage.*
A *Soap*, is *a little quantity* or *ſup.*

T.

A *Tee*, is *the ſtring the Cows Legs are made faſt withall whileſt ſhe is milked.*
Tiney, is *little.*
Well tidded, is *when a Cow hath a good Udder*, and *promiſeth fair for ſtore of milk.*
Tweay, is *two.*
Thur is *theſe.*
Tane, is *oane.*
Tawke, is *talk.*
Tewh, is *tough.*

Teant,

Teaut, is *to it.*
Teaume, is *time.*
Teng'd, is *ſtung* or *ſting'd.*
A *Teaup*, is *a Ram.*
Like to tawme, is *like to ſwound.*
Traild, is *pull'd and dragged up and down.*
Teau, is *to.*
A *Tantrill* is *an idle tatling Woman.*
Titter, *quicker* or *ſooner.*
A *Trull*, is *a muckey fowl Queen.*
Tack, is *to take.*
Tengs, are *Tonges.*
Twonty, is *twenty.*
Trouts, are *Curds.*
Traſh, is *green fruit, as Apples*, &c.
Timerous to pleaſe, is *ill to pleaſe.*
Touch-wood, is *rotten Wood laid by*

to drie, that it may take Fire at any ſpark given by a Flint nad Steel.

V.

Varra, is *very.*

Unſcape, is *to put one in mind of a thing that is not Convenient.*

Uncuths, ſignifies *News.*

To *Urle*, is *to draw ones ſelf up on a heap.*

An *Underlout*, is *a kind of Slave* or *Drudge.*

An *Uncoth* Dog, is *a ſtrange Dog.*

Unſawncy, is *unluckie*, or *not Fortunate.*

To *unfeſt*, is *to untye* or *unlooſe.*

W.

Wark, is *work*,
Weel, is *we ſhall*.
Whaugh, is *a word of Admiration*, *as* God Bleſs us, *&c.*
Wally, Wally, is *good lack*, *good lack* or *Oh me, Oh me.*
War, is *were.*
Wad is *would.*
A *Why*, is *an Heifer.*
To *waite*, is *to know.*
Whore, is *Where.*
Wya, is *well.*
Wheay, is *Who.*
Whickens, are *Roots of Weeds.*
Whins are *Furz.*
Wellaneerin, is *Lackaday*, or *Alas, alas.*
To *Whang one* is *to beat one.*
Wrang, is *wrong.*
A *Whank*, is *a great piece.*

A *Whelk*, is *a great fall.*
Wont, is *dwelt* or *lived.*
A *Wreck*, is *abundance.*
Whewts of Girſe, are *young freſh Piles* or *blades of Graſs.*
Whig, is *Clarified Whey, put up with Herbs to drink.*
A *Whean Cat*, is *a ſhee Cat.*
Warſe, is *worſe.*
Ways, is mee, is *woes me.*
Whilk, is *which.*
Weel, is *well.*
Wancle, is *uncertain* or *changeable Weather.*
Weay, is *ſorrowful.*
Wilta, is *wilt thou.*
To *Winch*, is *to Kick*
Wheſht, Wheſht, is *peace, peace.*
Wadta, is *would thou.*
Weand, is *Mad.*
A *Wee bitt*, or *Wirly bitt* is *a little way.*
To *Wreak*, is *to fret and be angry.*

Yan, is *one*.
Yands, are *Horſes*.
Yowes, are *Yewes*.
A *Yat*, is *a Gate*.
Yance, is *once*.
To *Yeand*, is *to go*.
To *Yeauke*, is *to Itch*.
The *Yane*, is *the breath*.

FINIS.